

UTUMN  
ISSUE  
No. 12

# BLACKHAWK

10¢

**BLACKHAWK**  
flies to thrilling  
ADVENTURE!







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# BE A REAL COMMANDO!



**LOOK FELLAS— HERE'S A GUN  
YOU'LL BE PROUD TO OWN!**

RAT  
TAT  
TAT

**ALL METAL**

Stock and mechanism entirely of sturdy steel, and painted a real "GI" service green.

ONLY  
**\$1.49**

POSTPAID  
or 3 for \$3.75

WHILE  
THEY  
LAST!

HARMLESS!  
BUT—

**LOOKS  
AND SOUNDS  
LIKE A REAL  
SUBMACHINE  
GUN**

USED BY U.S.  
COMMANDOS AND  
PARATROOPERS

**IT'S A BARREL OF FUN!**

## Strong, Durable Construction

This is not a cheaply constructed toy, but a strong, durable mechanism made entirely of sturdy steel, and painted a real "GI" service green.

### MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

THE COMMANDO MAN, Dept. 10,  
2250 N. Keating Ave., Chicago 39, Ill.  
YES! I am enclosing \$1.49. Rush my Commando  
Submachine Gun quick. I understand I may  
examine it for 5 days. If not satisfied in every  
way, you'll refund my full price of \$1.49.  
☐ I am enclosing \$3.75. Send me 3 guns.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

## You Can Be the General in Any Man's Army

Yes sirree, Fellows. Here is a gun that any young Commando will be proud to own . . . and you should hear it "fire." It looks and sounds just like a real Submachine Gun. You'll be the envy of every fellow in the neighborhood . . . and with a gun that shoots as fast as this one does, you'll always be on the winning side.

## Limited Quantity! Hurry!

When our present stock is exhausted, there will be no more Commando Submachine Guns of this quality at this amazing low price of only \$1.49. So hurry, Fellows, send for yours today . . . now. Examine it for five days. If you don't say it's the greatest bargain you've ever seen, send it back and have every penny of your money returned. Mail coupon today!

THE COMMANDO MAN • Dept. 10, 2250 N. Keating Ave. • Chicago 39, Ill.



## A WHOLE WARDROBE OF GLAMOROUS, EXCITING BRACELETS... ONE FOR EVERY MOOD!

One of these thrilling bracelets is exactly the right touch for every single outfit you own! Get yours today! And remember, not one but ALL THREE are yours for only \$1.25.

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Bracelet Wardrobe at once! I understand  
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entire purchase price of \$1.25 will be  
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Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....



**FORMAL BRACELET**  
of simulated pink gold for  
the really big dates in your  
life



**SWEETHEART  
BRACELET**  
For your romantic  
moods



**AUTOGRAPH BRACELET**  
Let your friends engrave their  
names with a nail file

YOU'LL BE  
THE ENVY OF  
THE TOWN!

**ALL 3  
FOR ONLY  
\$1.25**

POSTPAID  
MAIL COUPON!

THE BRACELET LADY, Dept. 10, 2250 N. KEATING AVE., CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS



BLACKHAWK

# BLACKHAWK



**O**NLY A WHISPER from the world of evil mystery .. and *The Blackhawks* GO INTO ACTION!

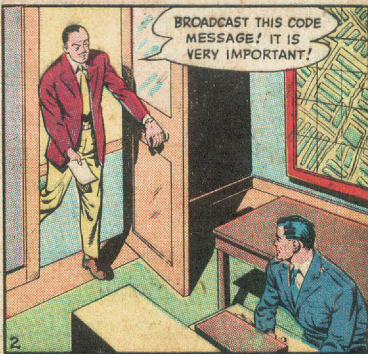
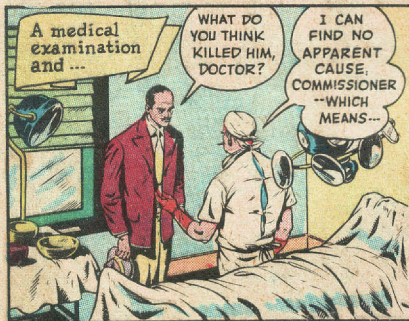
A brotherhood of swift justice, they are ranged against the crime and tyranny of the world! Even in a city where evil is **RESPECTED**, *The Blackhawks* attack the menace of ---

*The WINGED DEATH!*



IT happened  
in **TOUTANT**,  
capital of the  
*Republic of*  
**SOUTHLAND...**

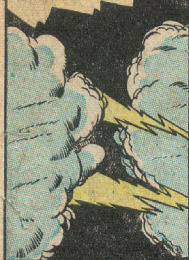
But it might  
have happened  
in **ANY** city, to  
**ANYBODY!**





BLACKHAWK

Across the sky flashes the message -- to the other side of the world ....



And at the master receiving station on Blackhawk Island...

YOU CALLED ME, CHUCK?

YES, HENDRICKSON! LISTEN TO THESE SIGNALS--OVER AND OVER ---



IT'S FROM THE REPUBLIC OF SOUTHLAND! THEY'RE ASKING...

ANDRE! OLAF! COME **QUICK!**



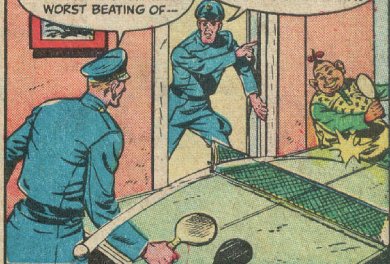
THEY VANT HELP, ANDRE! BUT THEY CAN'T TELL FOR **VOT!**

AY BAN GO ROUND UP THE OTHERS!



WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, OLAF? I WAS ABOUT TO GIVE CHOP-CHOP THE WORST BEATING OF--

RADIO SHACK, STANISLAUS --ON THE YUMP! AND WHERE'S BLACKHAWK?



BAN FIND EVERYBODY BUT BLACKHAWK---

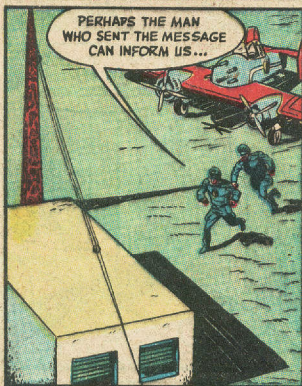
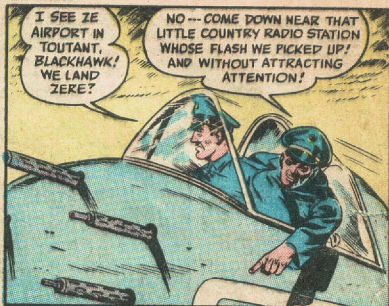
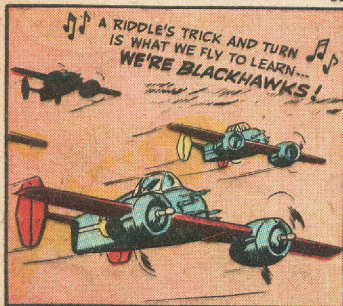
HE HAS ARRIVED AHEAD OF YOU! COME IN!



THAT CALL FOR HELP LEAVES PLENTY OF QUESTIONS TO BE ANSWERED -- BUT WE CAN'T FIND THE ANSWERS BY STAYING HERE! ROLL OUT THE PLANES!









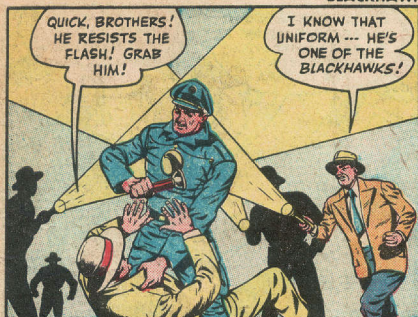






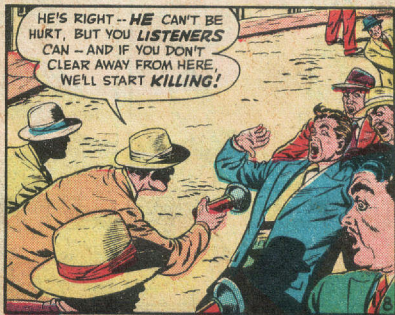


BLACKHAWK





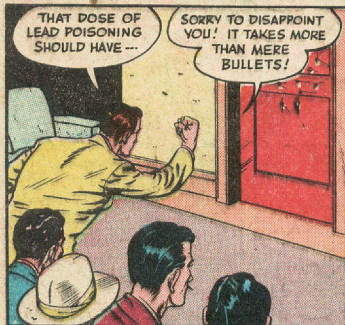
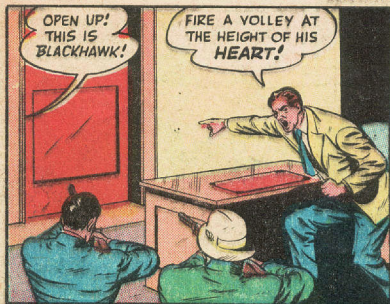
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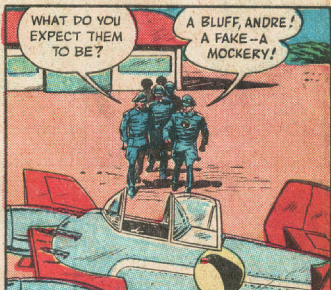
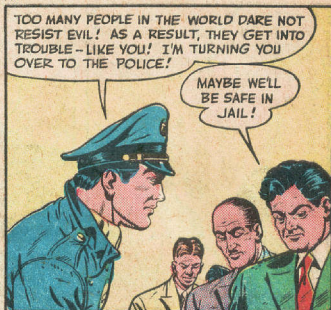






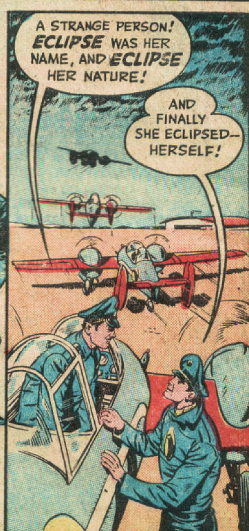








BLACKHAWK





BLACKHAWK

# BLACKHAWK



**"BABYLON, THAT MIGHTY CITY...."**

Ancient history says that old Babylon was destroyed...but does it truly lift its four-square towers again in the desert fastness, and does its law of oppression extend itself toward the peoples of the world today?

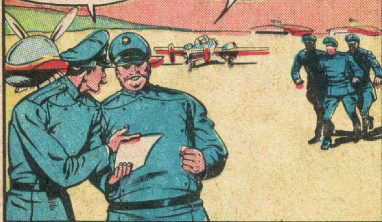


# BLACKHAWK

Dawn at a desert airport.... and Blackhawks in conference...

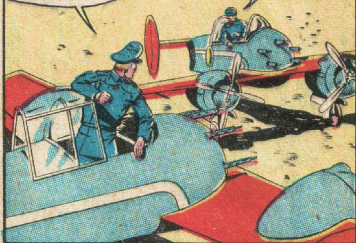
INCROYABLE!  
BLACKHAWK LEFT  
WIZOUT US--WHILE  
WE SLEPT! TOOK  
ONLY CHOP-CHOP--

UND SAYS THAT VE  
CAN FOLLOW HIS RADIO  
BEAM! VELL ---VE FOLLOW,  
**SCHNELL!**



I THOUGHT THIS TOUR  
WAS ONLY TO MAP THE  
UNEXPLORED DESERT.  
CHUCK! WHY IS  
BLACKHAWK SO  
MYSTERIOUS?

MY HUNCH IS THAT HE  
SMELLS DANGER SOME-  
WHERE AND WANTS TO  
SCOUT IT AHEAD  
OF US!



ZE BEAM -- BLACKHAWK'S  
RADIO SIGNAL -- EET  
EES DEAD!



WE'VE LOST  
CONTACT WITH  
HIM!

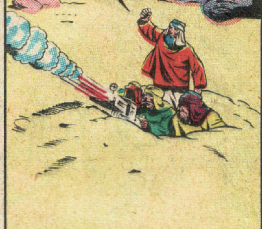
While, far ahead....

BLACKHAWK!  
RADIO NO WORK  
--NO PICKUP  
FROM OTHER  
PLANES!

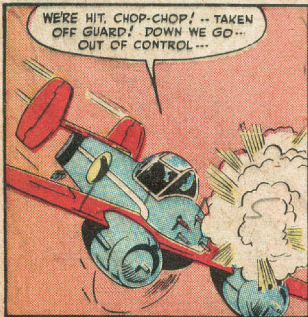
THAT MEANS  
THEY'VE  
LOST OUR  
BEAM, TOO..  
AND WHILE  
WE'RE HAVING  
BAD LUCK!  
**LOOK DOWN  
THERE!**



HA! A FOREIGN  
PLANE!  
**FIRE!**

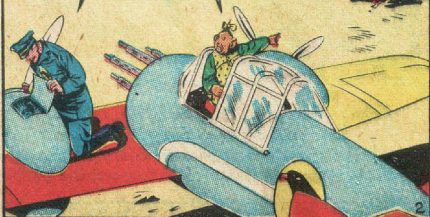


WE'RE HIT, CHOP-CHOP! .. TAKEN  
OFF GUARD! DOWN WE GO...  
OUT OF CONTROL...

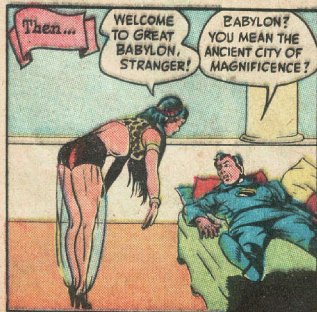


BUT NOT BADLY  
DAMAGED! A BIT  
OF REPAIR AND  
WE CAN GO  
UP...

LOOK SEE!  
BAD DESERT  
FELLAS COMEE  
JUMP, JUMP!









BLACKHAWK



ARE WE IN  
A GARDEN?  
OR ON TOP  
OF A TOWER?

BOTH! THESE ARE  
THE FAMOUS  
**HANGING  
GARDENS OF  
BABYLON---**  
SEVENTH WONDER  
OF THE WORLD!



BABYLON?--HANGING  
GARDENS? NOT IN THIS  
DAY AND AGE! HOW  
CAN ---?

HERE COMES  
OUR KING-- GREAT  
**SARGON**, RULER  
OF BABYLON! HE  
WILL EXPLAIN!



SAD WAS THE  
FATE THAT BEFELL  
SO FINE A WARRIOR--  
BUT HAPPY THE CHANCE  
THAT BROUGHT  
HIM HERE!

KING SARGON--IF  
THAT'S YOUR NAME--  
TELL ME TRUDY WHERE  
I AM --- AND WHAT  
YEAR THIS IS!



YOU ARE AMAZED TO SEE  
BABYLON ALIVE AND MIGHTY?  
WELL, A DEAD CITY MAY  
HAVE A GHOST--JUST  
AS A DEAD MAN MAY  
LIVE AGAIN IN  
SPIRIT!

A GHOST  
KINGDOM,  
EH? AND  
THESE PEOPLE  
ARE GHOSTS, TOO?  
WHAT ABOUT  
CHOP-CHOP  
AND ME?



YOU MEAN WE  
KILLEE DEAD BY  
DESERT MEN?  
NOW COME BACK  
ALIVE IN  
OTHER WORLD?

HOW WELL YOUR  
LITTLE FRIEND  
SEES THE TRUTH!  
YOU MAY REST  
HERE, AND PERHAPS  
-- SOME DAY--  
**RETURN** TO  
THE WORLD YOU  
KNEW!

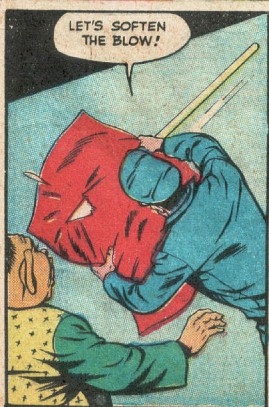


RETURN TO  
OUR OWN  
WORLD?

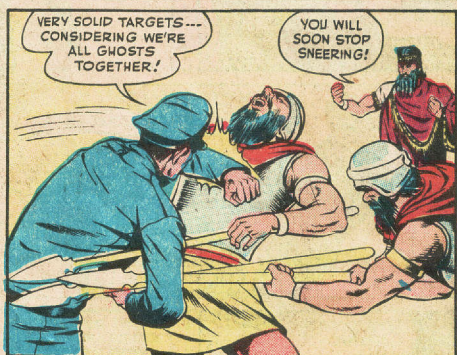
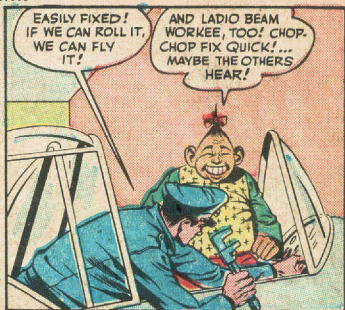
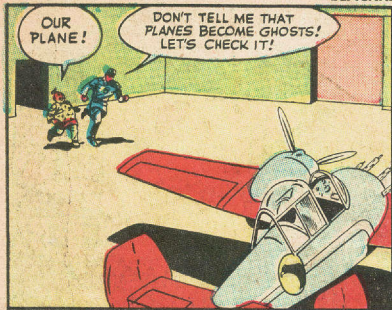
SOMETIMES I  
SEND MESSENGERS  
THERE! IT IS AN  
HONORED ERRAND!  
BUT MORE OF THAT  
LATER! YOU HAVE  
MY LEAVE TO  
RETURN TO  
YOUR REST!



BLACKHAWK





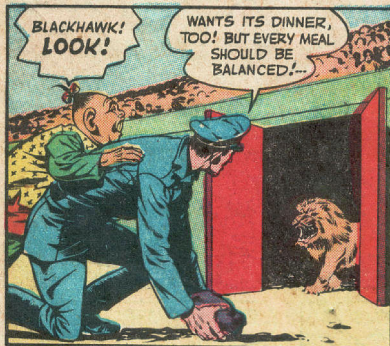






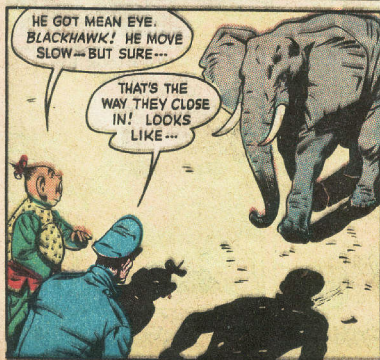
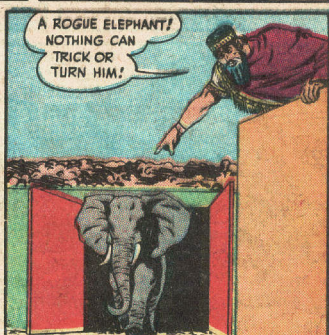
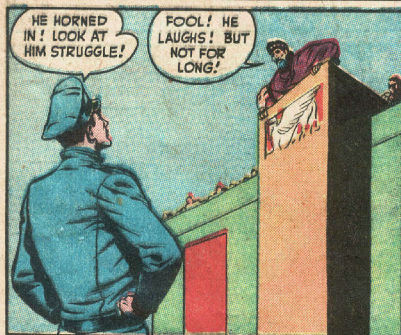
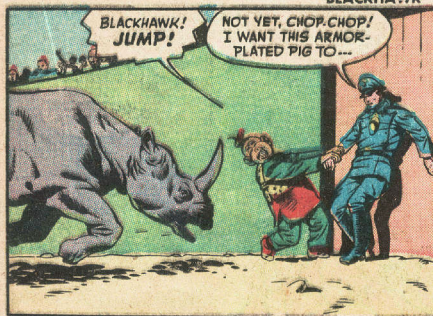


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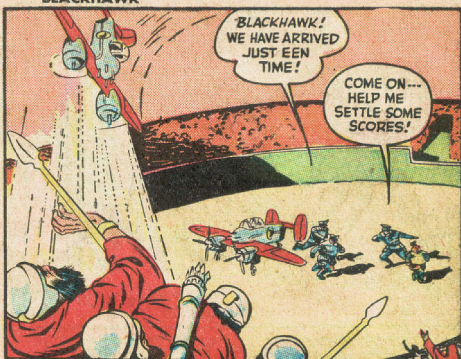
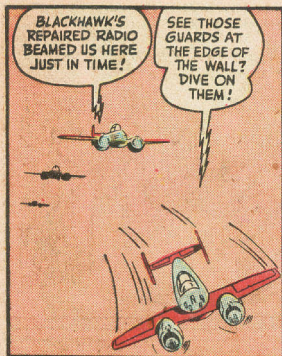


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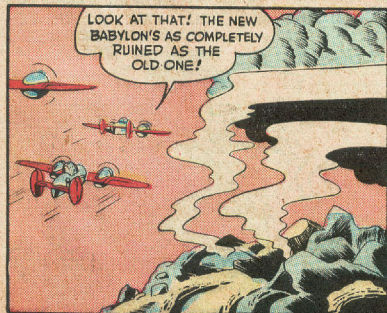
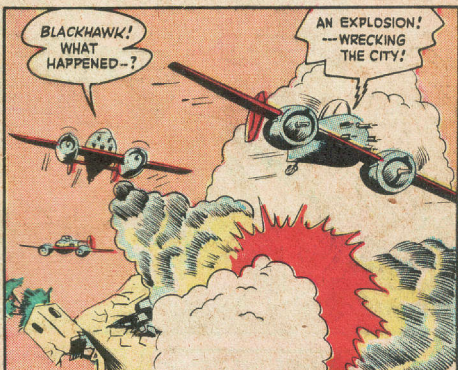


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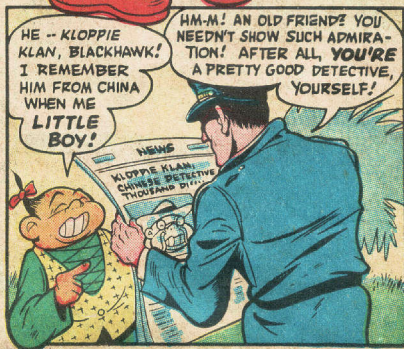
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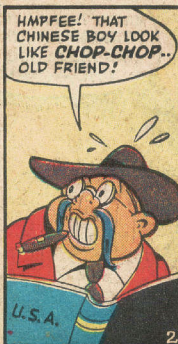
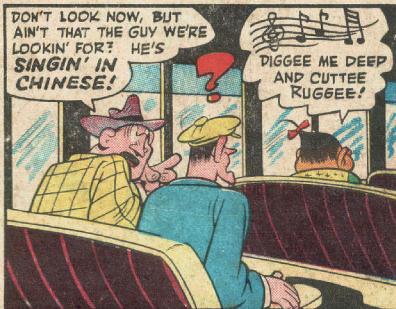
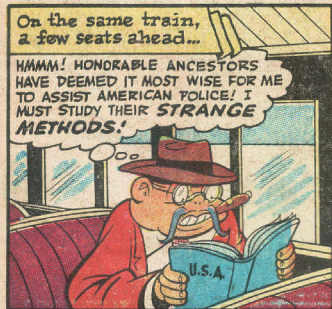
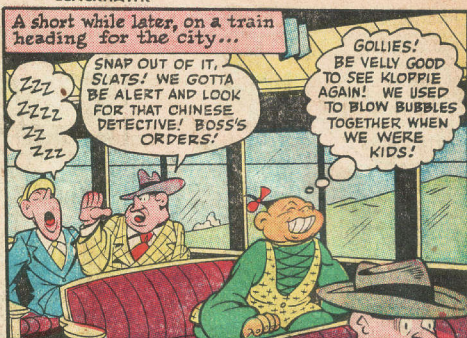


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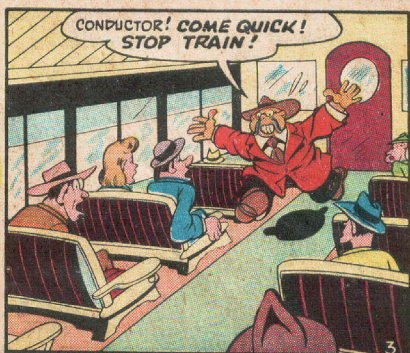
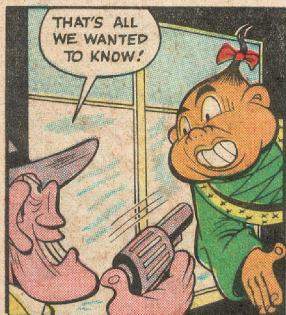
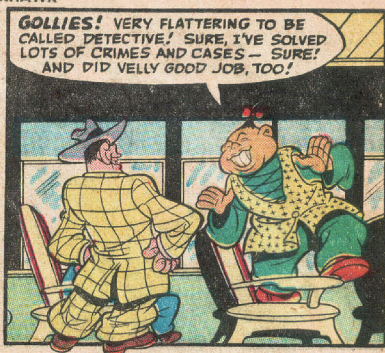
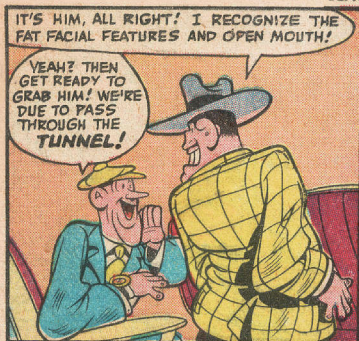
# CHOP-CHOP



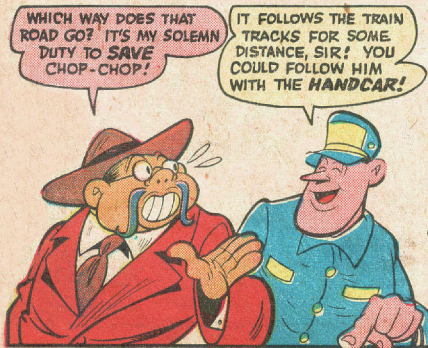
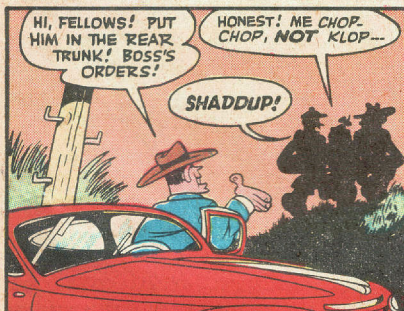
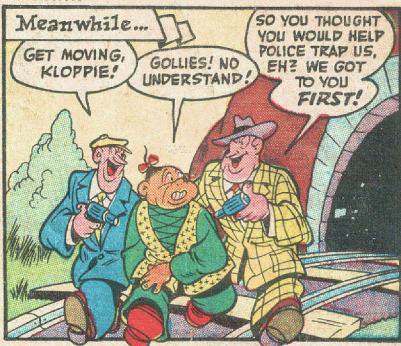






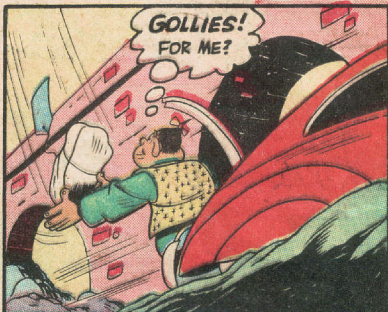
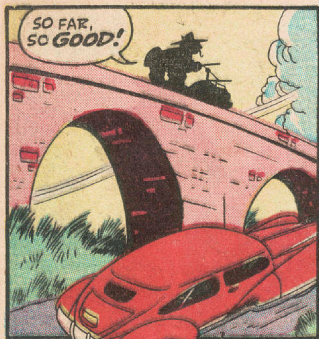




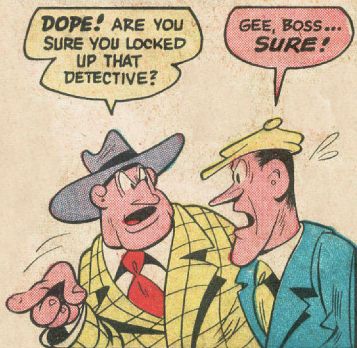
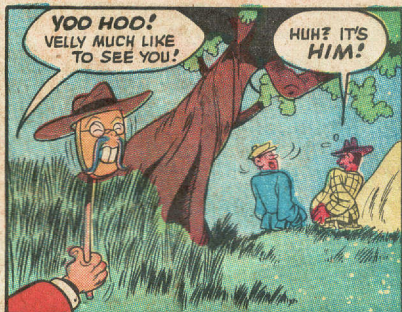
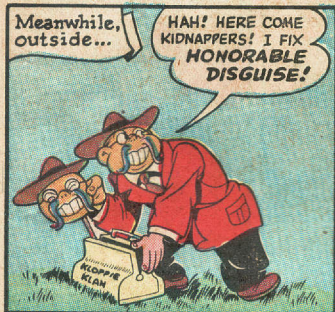
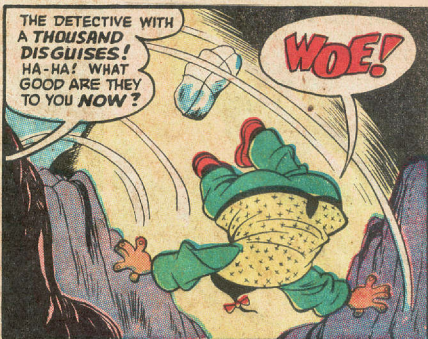




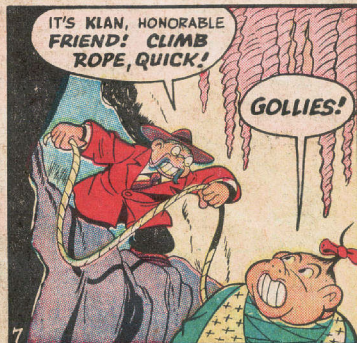
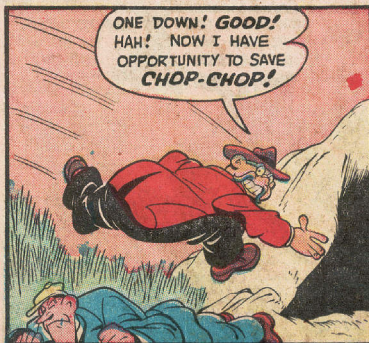
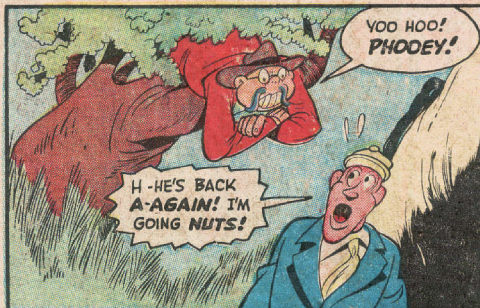
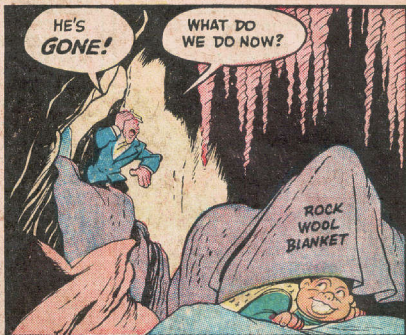
BLACKHAWK



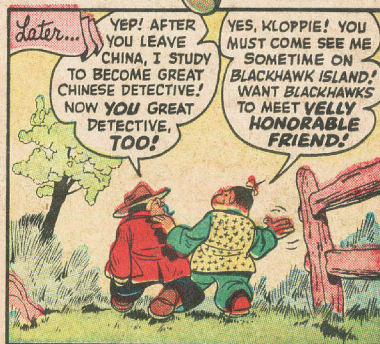
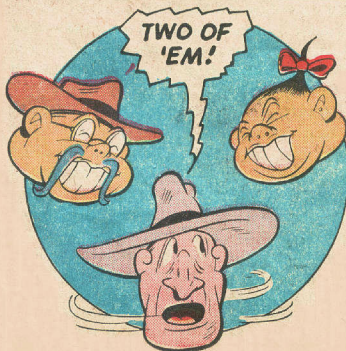
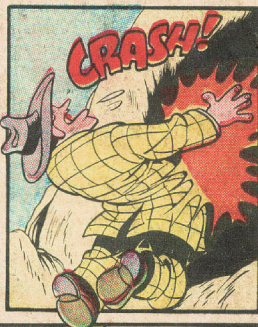
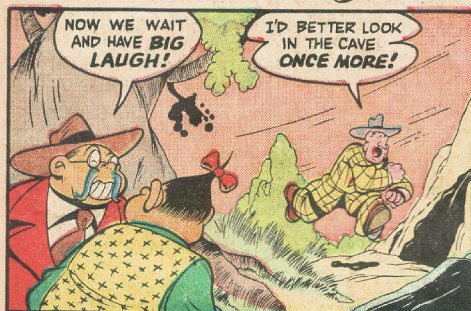
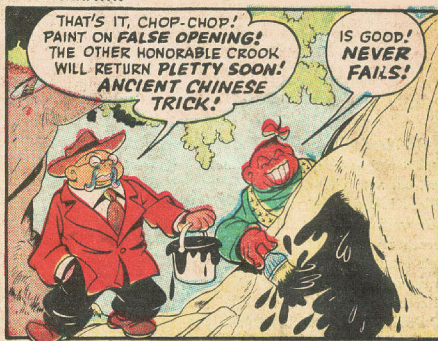
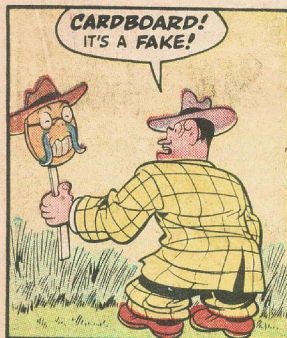














# The tomb of TAMMUZ

**T**HE Blackhaws were swift as they charged down that sinister alley in the Arab town of El-Shah-zarr, but not quite swift enough. The ragged-robed ruffians had finished their job of stabbing a pitifully wailing victim to death, and paused only to wrench something from his hand before they fled, their getaway speed matching that of the rescuers. In the dim alley, Blackhawk and his friends gathered around the limp figure.

"Dead," pronounced Stanislaus, touching the pale cheek. "It's old Professor Ben-Ali, of the Anglo-Arabian University. What did he have those evil killers wanted?"

"He still has part of it—see?" Blackhawk pried open the dead man's fist. "A scrap of writing, the bottom of an old document. They got the rest, but even in death he hung onto part and tore it away." Blackhawk frowned over it. "What language is this, Andre?"

The Frenchman also studied the scrap. "*Je ne sais pas*—I do not know, Blackhawk! I can only say, *ceet ess not ze French*."

"Nor Dutch, nor German," added Hendrickson, studying in his turn.

"Yust let me look," volunteered Olaf. "Mmm—ay don't know it—not Svedish, nor Norske, nor Danish—"

"Not Chinee," informed Chop-Chop dolefully.

"Russian, perhaps?" suggested Stanislaus. He peered. "No, nor any Slavic language."

"And emphatically not English," wound up Chuck. "None of us ever saw such letters."

Someone moved in among them, a tall lovely cloaked figure. "May I look?" ventured a soft voice.

"It's Ma'm'selle Fear!" cried Andre. "*Parbleau*, we have met before. But w'at are you doing here? We thought you were half ze world away!"

The girl called Fear smiled slowly. "I sometimes follow you Blackhaws—you interest me," and the turn of her eyes toward the leader showed plainly which of the group held her interest most strongly. She took the scrap. "I know this writing. My father, Renarr, taught me many strange tongues before his death. It is ancient Akkadian—the language of a race that ruled here even before Moses led his

people out of the desert. And it says—"

She translated slowly: "The treasure is in the sealed tomb of Tammuz, first of the great Kings. It is enough to enrich a nation."

"That explains it," said Blackhawk at once. "The robbers were taking an old document the professor had found, that leads to an ancient horde of wealth. They have all but this final scrap that tells them the exact place."

He bent and thrust it back into the dead hand. "Fade away," he told the others. "Hide, while those killers come back to find the bit of writing they need."

"And then rush zem?" suggested Andre eagerly.

"Not yet," said Blackhawk.

ZEK, LEADER OF the prowler band, was a man of many talents, all of them evil. Sometimes—when it would profit him—he could be brave. He forced his followers to return to the alley.

"Those meddlers are gone, probably trying to find us," he said. "Keep watch, while I—"

He strode to the lonely corpse, stooped and took the bit of writing from its hand. He fitted it to the torn sheet he held.

"Now we know how to find our wealth!" he exclaimed. "Quick, the camels! Head for the ruins beyond the hills to the North!"

Quickly the outlaws found their beasts, and as night fell they rode forth into the desert, under the dim light of a half moon. Once, far overhead, they heard a rumbling whisper.

"Allah!" muttered one. "The wings of a djinni—a desert devil!"

"Fool, it is only a flight of airplanes, such as the foreign infidels use," snapped Zek. "Think not of devils, but of reward."

A ride of two hours brought them to the great mass of ruins, half buried in the sand, which had been a king's palace in the long-ago dawn of history. Zek assigned two men to guard the camels, another to light a lamp, and led the way into dark, echoing corridors. The outlaws, tough as they were, shrank in fear from the huge silent statues at right and left. Even Zek was nervous, but he carefully hid the fact.



## BLACKHAWK

At each turn of the corridor he stationed a guard, and when he came at length to the tomb-chamber he was accompanied by only two men, one with the lamp, the other carrying a goatskin filled with oil.

"The tomb!" cried Zek, pointing.

In the center of the ancient chamber was a mighty rectangular block of stone, carved with the characters of ancient Akkad. Motioning the man with the lamp to stand close, Zek studied the writing.

"Yes, the tomb of Tammuz," he said. "Inside is the treasure. Give me the crowbar."

He inserted the sharp steel point under the loose slab at the top, and with a heave of his muscular arms lifted it up like the hinged lid of a box. A dark interior showed, and the three peered in.

"Where is the treasure?" demanded Zek. "This tomb is half filled with oil—it was put there to preserve the body of the king."

"How could oil remain for these thousands of years?" asked the lamp-holder unsteadily. "It should have dried up long ago. This is magic."

"Small of courage!" sneered Zek, though he himself felt chills run up his back. "Truly, a brave man is one thing, and a cowardly man another. If we wanted stories of ghosts and magicians, any old beggar in the market place at El-Shahzarr could have told them and saved us the journey to this place." He dipped a finger in the oil, and drew it back.

"*Inshallah!*" he cried. "That oil is as fresh as what we carry in our bag."

"Look." The man with the goatskin pointed unsteadily to the underside of the lifted lid. "More writing, in the ancient tongue."

Zek looked at it. "It is a warning, and reads thus. Woe to him who, upon opening this tomb, does not fill it to the brim with oil."

"There is space for more," said the man with the lamp. "Let us do as the warning bids us, lest evil spirits curse us."

"The talk of a child," began Zek, but the bearer of the goatskin was already pouring oil into the stone tomb. The liquid gurgled gently for moments, and the last of it ran out.

The three outlaws looked at each other in terror. "The surface of the oil did not rise, for all I poured in," whispered the goatskin-bearer. "Not by the breadth of a fingernail. Magic, I say—evil magic!"

Zek drew himself up, and opened his mouth to

speak, but another voice came at that instant, from the shadows across the chamber:

"The blackest of fate waits here for robbers of tombs!"

With a wild scream of terror, the two followers of Zek fell on their faces, praying for mercy. The lamp-bearer dropped his light, which went out. Zek whirled in the darkness and ran for the passage.

He hit something solid—the wall, he thought. But a wall does not have steel-muscled arms that seize and capture you. A wall does not have clever, strong hands that catch your wrist and take away the knife you draw. A wall does not have a voice that laughs at your struggles, a wall does not have a fist that strikes your jaw and knocks you senseless.

All these things happened to Zek, and when he woke, he was outside in the dim moonlight, where blue-uniformed men stood guard over his captured followers.

"I PUT BACK the torn scrap for you to find," said Blackhawk, "and, as I hoped, you spoke within our hearing of where you would go for the treasure. We wanted that, as well as you and your band of murderers."

"You yourself are a thief of hidden wealth!" snarled Zek.

"Not I," said Blackhawk. "We flew here ahead of you, and the treasure we found will go where it belongs—to museums, for the study of scientists and scholars, that the world may know of Akkad's early history. But we could not resist having some fun with you."

"With magic?" quavered an outlaw, and Blackhawk laughed.

"We knew you would think that. We rigged a siphon that would keep the oil in the tomb at a certain level, and filled it to that point. The writing on the inner side of the lid was done by a friend who knows the language. Then, while you came in, some of us stealthily captured each guard that your leader posted, and I waited in the tomb-chamber for the final joke."

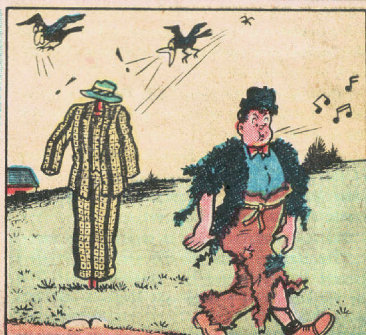
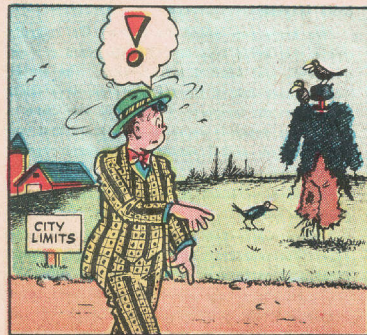
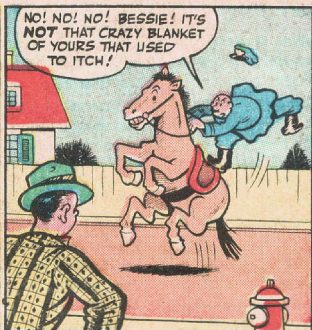
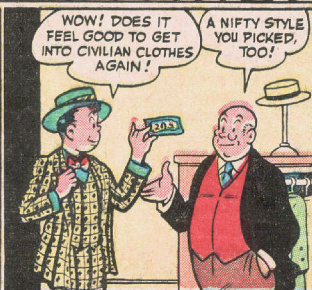
"I refuse to laugh at what you call a joke," grumbled Zek.

"Laugh while you may," said the girl called Fear. "For murderers and robbers in this country, there is short time to laugh, or to cry either. We will take you to the wazir of police, and before long the world will be rid of a pack of dirty scoundrels—thanks to the Blackhawks."



BLACKHAWK

# JOHNNY DOUGHBOY



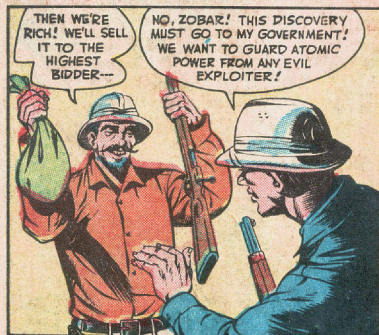
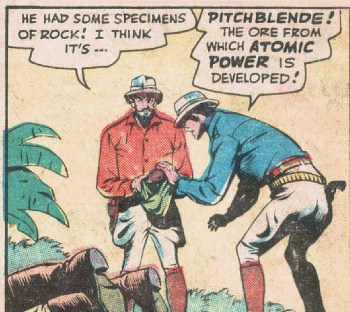
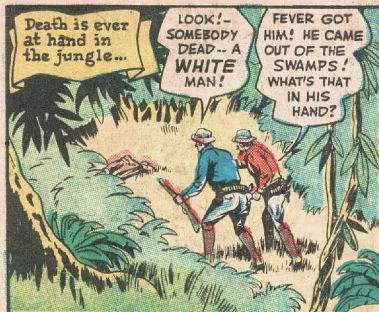


LET HIS OWN EVIL DRAG HIM TO HIS DOOM ...  
for the man called **ZOBAR** knows no mercy  
for any living thing... and his only  
emotions are greed and cruelty!  
Must even the mighty **BLACKHAWKS**  
remain enslaved in his evil clutches?  
Or can they destroy him through  
his own **BLACK AMBITIONS?**



# BLACKHAWK

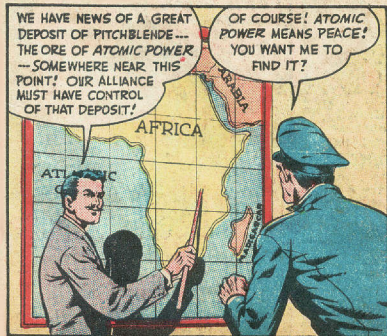






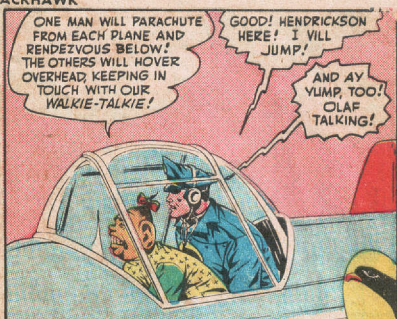
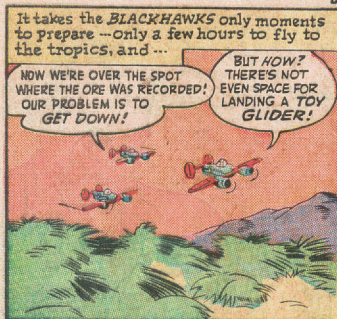


IF ATOMIC POWER MAKES A NATION GREAT -- I'LL BE **GREATER THAN NATIONS!**

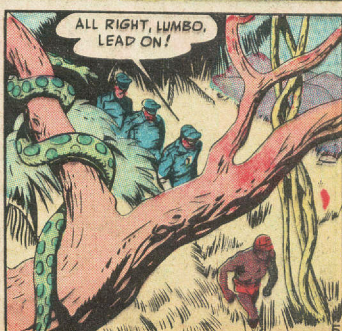




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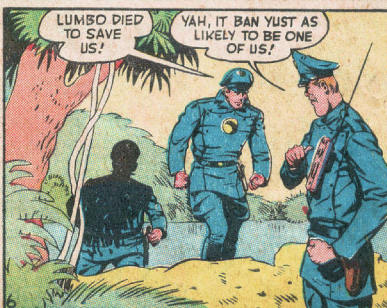
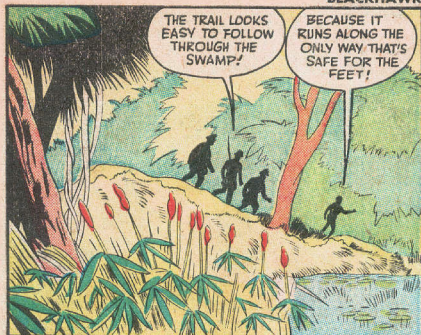






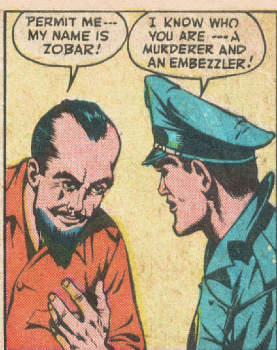


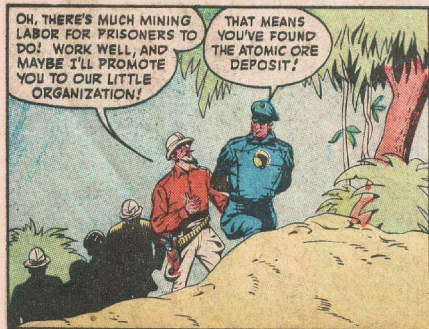
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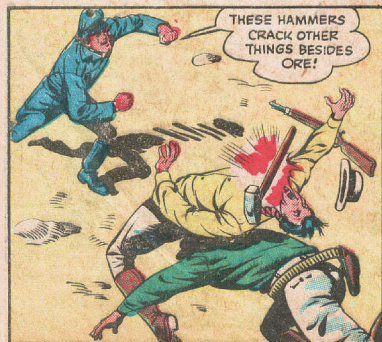
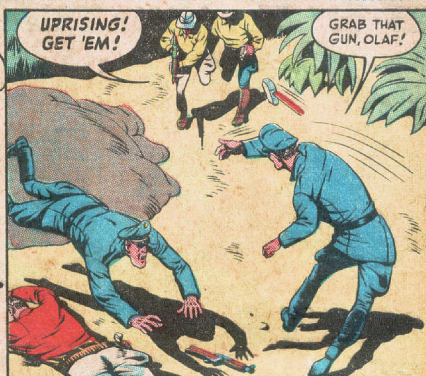






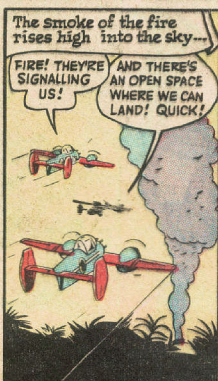
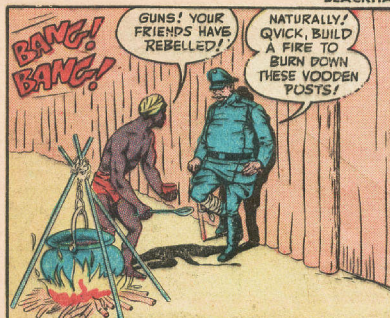


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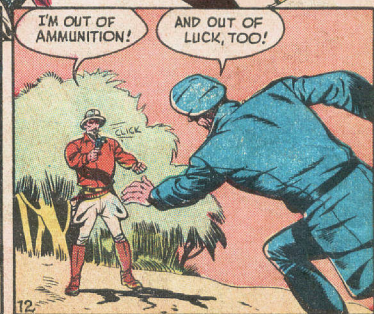
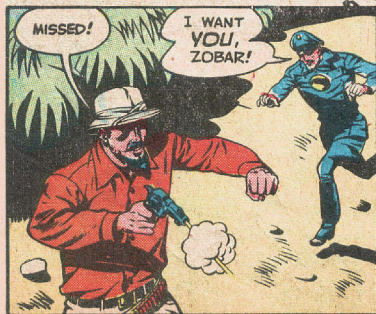
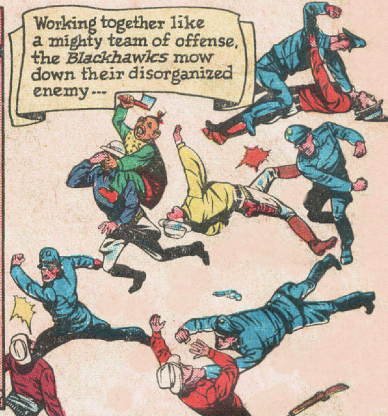
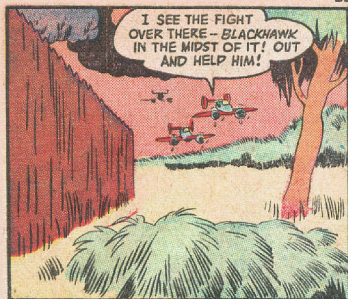




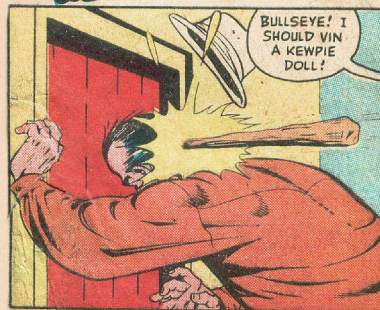
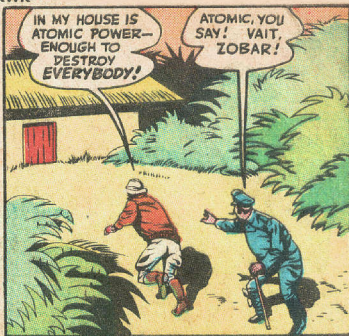
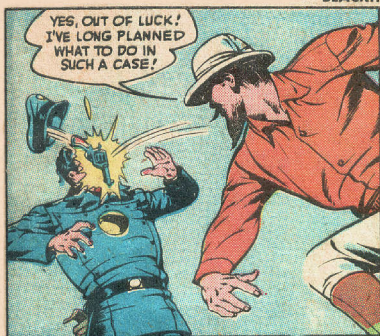
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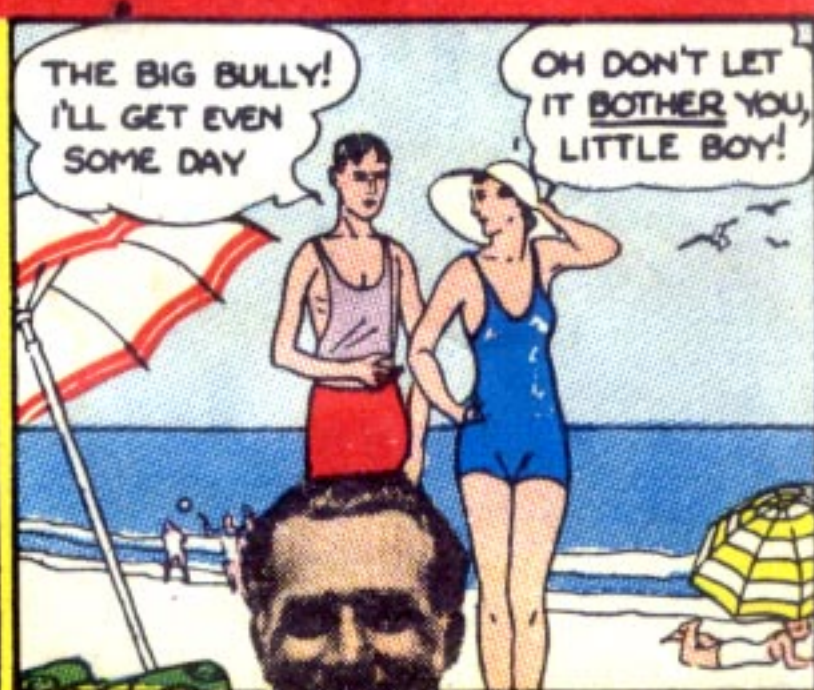
# BLACKHAWK





HOW JOE'S BODY  
BROUGHT HIM

# FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



## I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

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### FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 330 J 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



*Charles Atlas*

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330 J  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

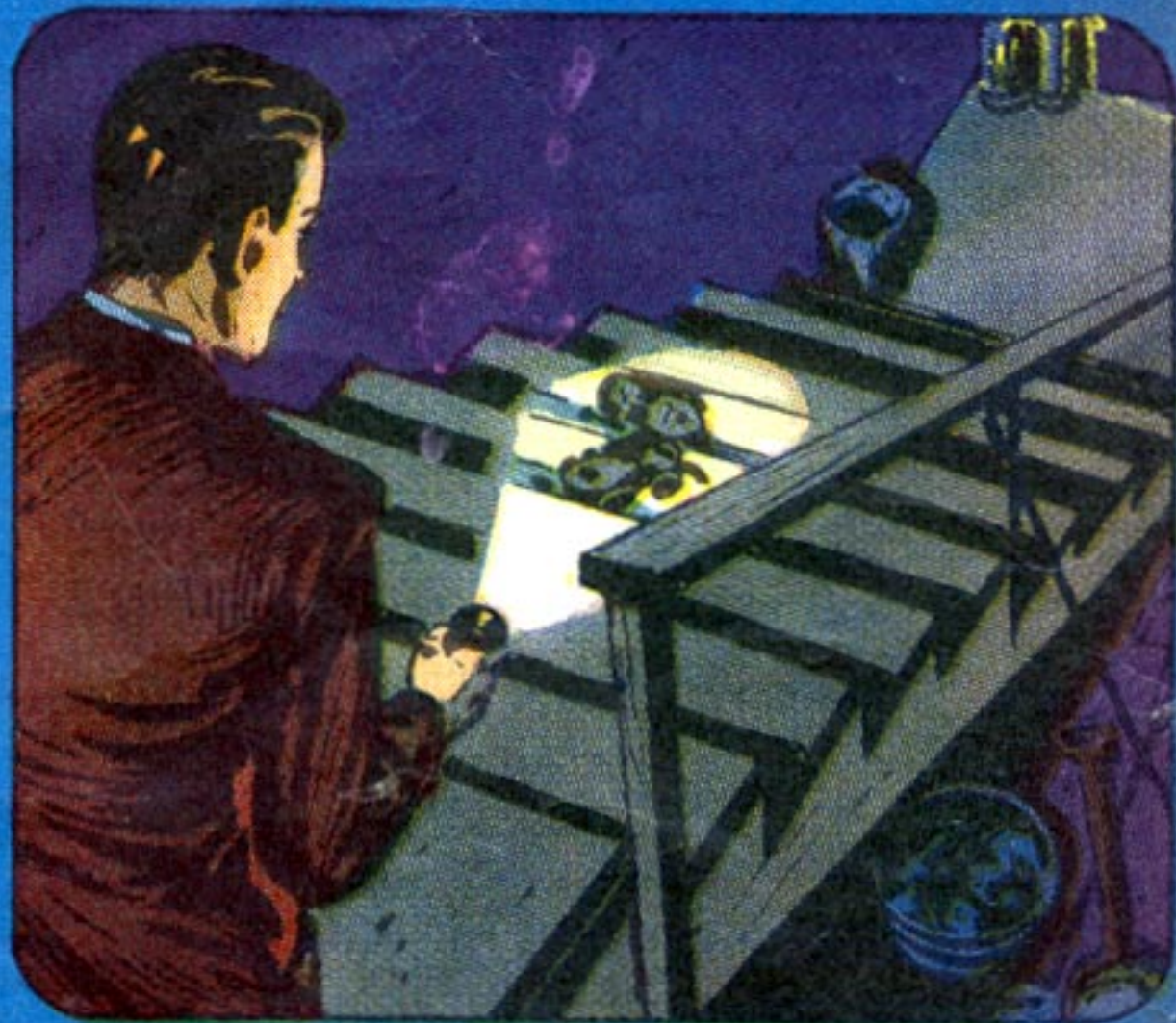
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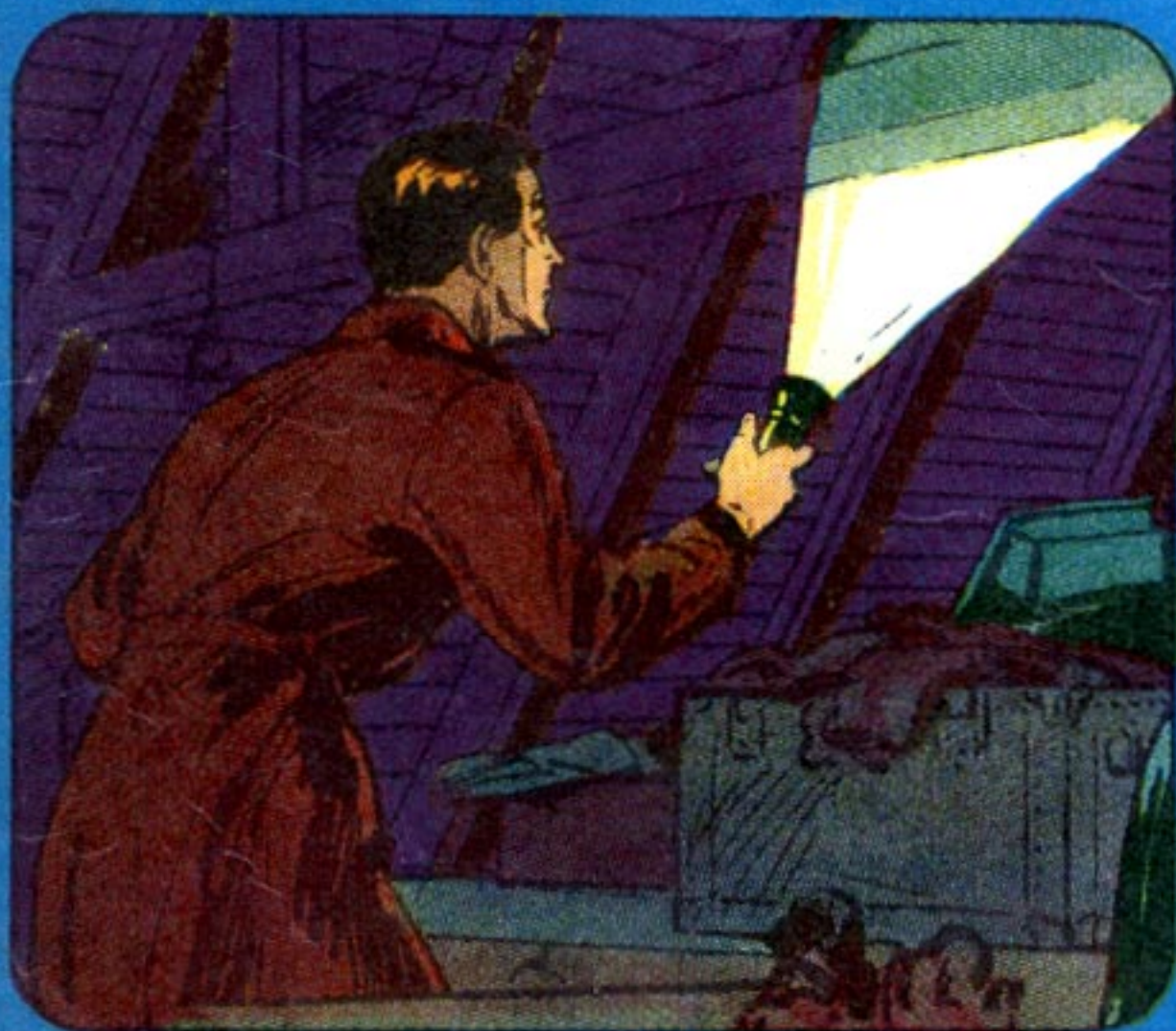


# How to Avoid these "BOOBY TRAPS" in your home!

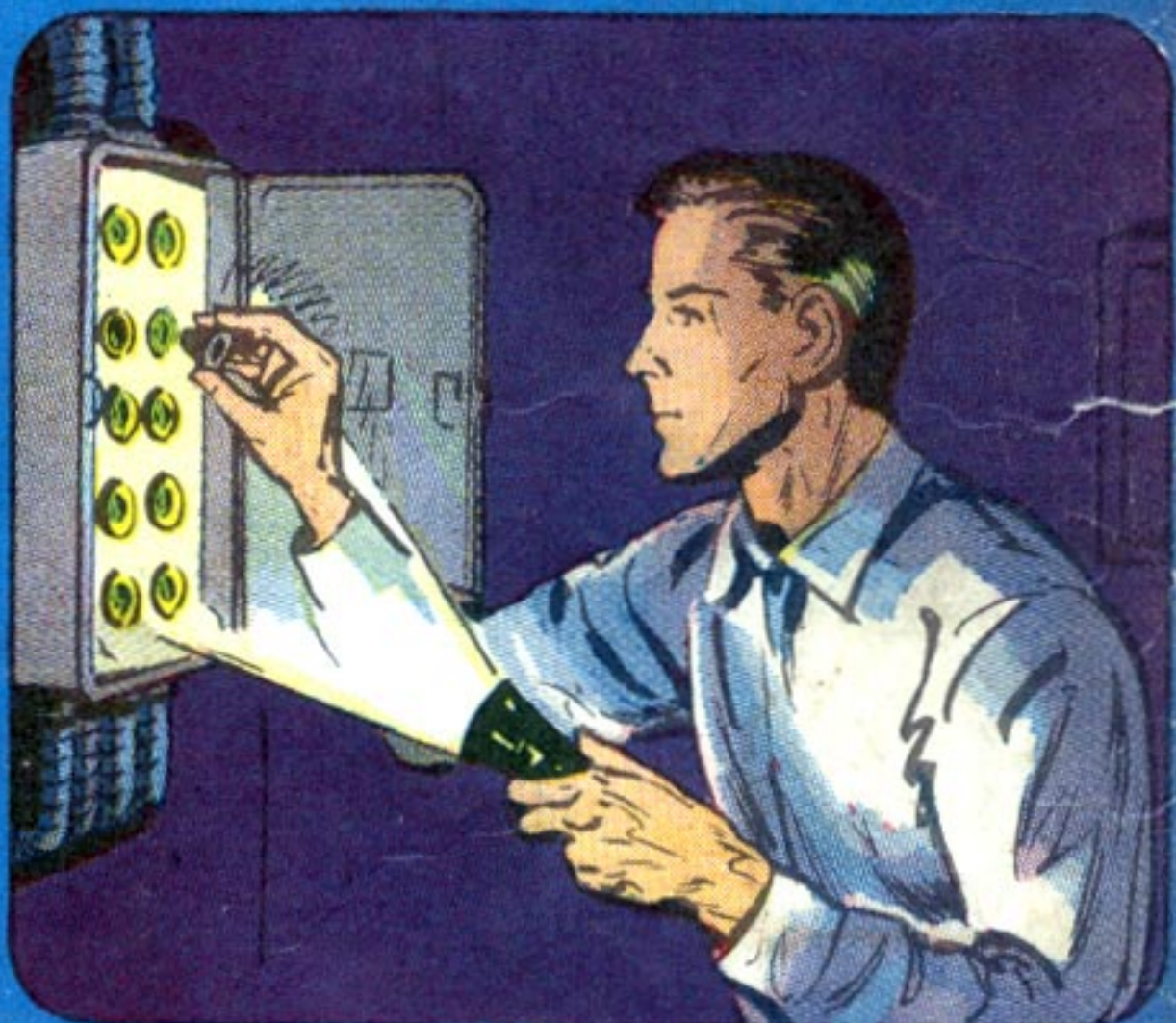
What you can't see **CAN** hurt you  
—says the National Safety Council



**1** About 5,000,000 Americans are injured every year at home—33,500 fatally! Largest single cause: falling. A roller skate on a dark staircase; shin-catching obstructions; slippery objects: these can be lethal "booby traps." To avoid them, carry your "Eveready" flashlight in dark areas.



**2** Be sure all obstacles are cleared away. Linoleum or carpeting should be tacked down firmly. In attic or basement, pack all loose objects in noninflammable boxes stored against the walls. Don't rely on *your* knowledge of where obstacles are located—the next person may not know.



**3** Know *in advance* where your fuse box, main water and gas valves, etc., are located; be sure you have a clear path to them. Armed with your "Eveready" flashlight, you can approach without fumbling in an emergency. Be sure loose wires are so placed that you won't trip over them.

**4** Keep your "Eveready" flashlight always in the same convenient place—so you won't be tempted to do without it because it can't be located. Keep it filled with "Eveready" batteries—they're now available.

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**EXTRA  
POWER,  
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# ***Blackhawk vol.1 #12***

This comic was published by Quality in 1946.  
It's one of the oldest comics I own.

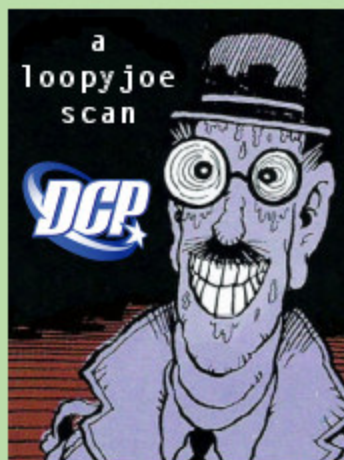
This series began life as Uncle Sam Quarterly,  
changing to Blackhawk with issue 9. National/DC  
took over publication with issue 108.

This scan is dedicated to my dad. He was a big  
fan of the Blackhawks and the copy I scanned  
belonged to him. It came out shortly before he  
was born, and got scanned a year after he died.

This is the first whole full-colour comic I've  
scanned for DCP.

the filename should be:

Blackhawk v1 012 (1946) (c2c) (loopyjoe-DCP).cbr



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